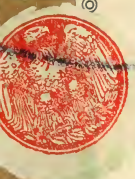


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DAY DREAMS
AND
OTHER POEMS



CLARENCE BUCKMASTER BOLMER



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DAY DREAMS
AND
OTHER POEMS



CLARENCE BUCKMASTER BOLMER

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CLARENCE BUCKMASTER BOLMER



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no. 1.

I KNOW I HAVE ALWAYS LACKED WORLDLY WISDOM, BUT IF

THESE LINES MUST BE DEDICATED, WHY

NOT SAY TO

LOVE, LIGHT, HOPE, AND SYMPATHY ?

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DAY DREAMS

DAY DREAMS

Only a ray of sunshine
On the papered wall—
Just a note of sympathy
To link the hearts of all;

The Golden Gates fly open—
We wander where we will,
The roses time has gathered
Are blooming round us still;

And, in the soft warm pressure
Of lips cold long ago,
We feel the love-light passing
From them to us below!

New Haven, Dec. 27, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

DREAMING ON THE HILLSIDE

Come with me to the hillside
To watch the shadows creep,
And listen while the breezes
Wake sighs in trees that sleep;

And then we'll go a-dreaming
Our castles in the air,
While unseen birds make music
To charm our ladies fair;

And fairies come a-sailing
Like flowers on the wing,
Till our poor hearts are stolen
Ere they begin to sing.

Now fast and ever faster
Falls the declining day,
The shadows meet together—
Our dreams—oh where are they?

August 2, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

CLING TO LOVE'S SUNSHINE

Dreamily the shadows
Are creeping o'er the grass,
Blotting out the sunshine
Where e'er they chance to pass.

Thus our cares come stealing
After the noon of life
Driving out its brightness
With growing shades of strife.

Cling ye to the sunbeams
That fell with early love;
They are links that bind thee
To Him who rules above.

Mamaroneck, July 5, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

DREAMING ON THE MOOR

Deep in the heart of the meadow,
At rest with the brown and gold,
Part of the deathless mystery
That the countless ages hold;

Part of the grass and the rushes,
A part of the river and trees,
Our souls reach beyond the sky-line
To a land the spirit sees!

While forever and forever
On life's vast, eternal way
We pass, like the clouds of summer,—
The memory of a day!

New Haven, Oct. 4, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

GOLDEN DAYS

Out of the haze, out of the sky,
Out of the south wind passing by,
Come visions of forgotten years
Seen dimly, through a veil of tears.

How often, when the heart was young—
When like the birds we had a tongue
For each sweet bliss that ever grew,
While all the world was bright and true—

We sat and watched a sunlit sea
And revelled in its mystery;
No tongue or pen can ever tell
All, all we felt and loved so well!

Far better than a crown of gold,
The tender love that youth can hold;
And when we pass beyond the sky
We'll find it waiting us on high!

Mamaroneck, July 4, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

THE FLOWERS

Like wind among the flowers
My heart would love to roam
And kiss each dainty blossom
To take its fragrance home.

The world is full of beauty
For all who will to see:
Go oft among the flowers—
They bring God near to thee!

New Haven, April 30, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

SPRING

An angel kissed the treetops,
When all the world was gray,
To wake the dainty goddess
Whose soul shines in the May.

And as we sit and wonder
In the soft, sweet light of spring
The golden gates fly open
And we hear the angels sing;

And there comes again the music
That swelled in youthful days,
And we see beyond the river
The parting of the ways.

New Haven, April 30, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

LOVE'S MIRROR

Sweetly from the river
Smiles again the sky,
While the waving branches
In its bosom lie;

In our hearts the faces
Memory holds dear
Are forever shining
In love's atmosphere.

New Haven, Feby. 16, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

THE MESSAGE

The wavelets murmur softly
A message from the sea,
And we can hear the echoes
Of far-off Galilee.

Deep in our hearts, the cadence
Of all that was and is
Frames the eternal message
Peace! Peace! For ye are His!

Alike in joy and sorrow
We feel that He is near,
And as the shadows deepen
He whispers, "I am here!"

Mamaroneck, July 4, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

WITH THE CLOUDS

Ye clouds that come a-sailing,
Sailing through the blue—
Gazing we go a-dreaming,
Dreaming there with you.

The world is left behind us
Cradled in the sky;
Alone with mighty echoes
Of thoughts that never die,

We hear a low, sweet music
Stealing from above—
Feel in our hearts the beauty,
Might, and power of love!

New Haven, Jany. 7, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

BEYOND THE BLUE

I wonder what lies hidden
There, far beyond the blue?
For oft, as I sit dreaming,
Soft angel eyes look through;

And I can hear sweet music
Stealing from far above,
And feel the healing power
Of His eternal love.

A voice is ever calling
From far beyond the blue;
It is The Heavenly Father
Appealing there to you.

Mamaroneck, May 31, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

SAILING

We scud in a wild sou'wester
With all sails bellying free,
And cling on our perch to windward
To laugh at the raging sea.

Ho! Ho! to the salt spray flying
As the white caps kiss the wind;
Ho! Ho! to wild delirium
Enthralling both heart and mind.

As clinging there to windward,
We children of the sea
Thrill at sight of her grandeur—
Drink of her mystery!

Mamaroneck, May 30, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA

Softly the waves are singing
Just as they kiss the shore,
I love their gentle music
Repeated o'er and o'er;

And as I see them coming
From far away at sea,
I feel they bear a message
To loose my cares from me.

I would not—and I could not—
Forego their magic spell
For all the gold that glitters
In halls where rich men dwell!

Mamaroneck, July 5, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

THE FISHES' WASH-DAY

(To a Child)

“Mother, 't is fishes' wash-day!”
Nurse heard the mermaids say;
And you can see their soapsuds
On every little bay.

And rocks that hold their sponges
While far away at sea,
Out where the waves are breaking
Their clothes lie bleaching—see!

Oh! Mother, call the fishes
To come and play with me,
And while they wash their dishes,
To tell me of the sea.

Mamaroneck, July 6, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

NEPTUNE'S COWES

A plaintive voice from far at sea,
Old Neptune's Cowes' sad melody,
Comes floating o'er the billows dim
From fog-bound Light at danger's rim.

That warning cry goes out to all,
Clear as "The writing on the wall,"
Telling of hidden perils nigh,
Though calm the wave and bright the sky.

No sailor, how e'er bold and grim,
But shudders as it reaches him;
And feels how near by land or sea
Is the vale of eternity!

Mamaroneck, July 5, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

CHILDHOOD

Hush! Was that but an echo?
My heart is standing still;
Surely the veil is lifting
As I gaze beyond the hill.
For I can see the faces
That I loved long ago,
Before my soul was clouded
With all this drifting snow;
Softly fall the melodies
That swelled when hearts were young,
And gave the sweetest music
That ever yet was sung;
And, as I clasp them to me,
There come again today
The soulful songs of childhood
When all the world was May.
Take what you will but leave me
The dear sweet dreams of youth,
That came when hearts were guileless
And sang with love and truth.

New Haven, Dec. 21, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

THE SONGS THAT CHILDHOOD KNEW

If I could but remember
The songs that childhood knew,
And stand among the daisies
When all the world was new,

And see the violets smiling
And nodding to and fro,
While mossy-pipes are singing
The songs the fairies know.

I'd hear a sweeter music
Than ever manhood knew,
And see a sky of violets
With heaven looking through.

New Haven, Nov. 28, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

CHILDREN

Playing there among the flowers—
Dancing in and out—
Each new discovery greeted
With an eager shout.
Do the flowers beckon—
Begging you to stay,
Does every little blossom
Whisper, "Come and play"?
Children, soft-eyed children
Sent us from above,
We hear your voices calling,
"Love, eternal Love!"

New Haven, Nov. 29, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

GRANDPA'S CLOCK

Grandpa's clock at foot of the stair,
Come! ope the door and peep in there
Where, going ever to and fro
The old heart mutters soft and low,

Tick! Tock! Tick! Tock! as seconds knock
Till sixty stand in every flock,
And we have heard how minutes grow—
Just sixty to the hour you know,

Before a voice sings loud and clear—
By day so sweet, by night so drear—
The requiem of passing hours
That die to make each day of ours!

New Haven, Jany. 20, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

CROWNING BABY BROTHER

Four years old tomorrow day—
Mother, Mother, come and play
With the blocks upon the floor,
Here beside the house of Noah!

Let us build a palace grand
For the fairest in the land,
Don't let baby brother see
Till the fairies come to tea;

Then, when all are gathered round,
Let the music softly sound
As we lead him by the hand—
Crown him "king of fairyland!"

New Haven, Dec. 9, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

MOTHERS OF MEN

Like swans waddling upon the ice
The suffragettes appear,
Females shorn of womanly grace
To man no longer dear.
Fair birds of placid waters
In sunshine or in shade,
Round thee our hopes are centered,
By thee our homes are made.
What mean votes when you have them?
You rule the hearts of men;
Dear mothers of all the ages,
Oh, come to us again!

New Haven, Dec. 21, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

REAL WOMEN

The rarest things on earth today
Are women of whom men can say
They are the pride and joy of home
And hold our hearts where 'er we roam.

No vision sweeter nor more blest
Than woman breathing hope and rest—
An angel sent us from the skies,
In her the world's salvation lies!

New Haven, April 28, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

NATURE

The sky, the trees, and the waters
Are ever singing to me:
I love the fields and the hillsides,
The mountains rugged and free.

Nature! Inscrutable nature!
Thy laws eternal unfold,
And leave me clinging around thee,
Far from the worship of gold!

New Haven, Feby. 18, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

THE CALL OF THE CEDARS

The sombre, gloomy cedars
Stand pointing to the sky—
A silent note of warning
As we pass slowly by.

And as the dead leaves rustle
We hear the north wind sigh,
Mocking the hopes of summer
That all around us lie.

Again, in the gray of evening,
As stalk the shadows grim,
We, too, are looking upward
And feel the need of Him!

Marvel Woods, Jany. 1, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

NATURE'S MONUMENTS

We sit among the cedars
With autumn bending near,
To us, they are the monuments
Of each departed year;

Standing and pointing upward
To realms beyond the sky
We seem to hear them whisper,
"Your bodies only die!"

And, in the peaceful glory
Of our fast fading day,
We gaze beyond the sunset
To where our loved ones stray!

New Haven Oct. 11, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

THE REAL MUSICIAN

A touch that seems to mellow
The notes of joy or woe,
Sweet as an angel's carol,
Soft as the falling snow.

We hear the mystic voices
With each composer's ear,
As the waves of melody
Retreat and then draw near.

At home among the masters,
They answer to his call;
He links their souls together,
Then speaks for one and all!

New Haven, Nov. 26, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

LIFE

Life is the blending of light and shade,
The sun comes out and the clouds are made,
And joy should be the season of prayer
For in it lurk the seeds of despair.

The brightest of days often foretells
Fierce storms that only destruction quells,
And soft eyes that gaze in thine today
A moment hence may be called away.

We must learn to bear both light and shade;
Deep in our hearts are the sunbeams laid
To cheer us e'en in the darkest hour
With love's eternal and deathless flower.

New Haven, June 7, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

OLD SWEETHEARTS

As I sat sadly dreaming
 Beneath a maple tree,
I saw a four-leaf clover
 Was smiling up at me.

And as she gently nodded
 Her queenly little head
I gladly caught her to me
 And listened as she said:

“ Through all the days of summer
 I’ve lingered ’neath the tree,
That when the Fall was coming
 I might bring luck to thee. ”

And nothing now shall part us,
 For in my heart she grows
Sweet as an April morning
 Blushing through the snows.

Lake George, Sept. 10, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

KINDRED SPIRITS

We love to watch the starlings
High up on tower and tree,
Looking ever for the light
Though black as black can be.

We feel that we are brothers,
The children of the night,
Who, in the gloom and darkness,
Still bear the seeds of light.

And, when the bright gates open,
Flooding the world with light,
We'll hear the starlings calling
Us, far from human sight.

New Haven, Jany. 9, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

LIGHT OF LIGHTS

Come and gather the sunbeams
To twine around thy heart,
For in our earthly music
They play no minor part.

And e'en at the gates of heaven
I heard a lost one say:
"Alas! I may not enter,
My sunbeams went astray!"

New Haven, June 5, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

THE AWAKENING OF THE FLOWERS

Come watch with me in the garden
Before the first dawn of day,
To dream as the sun on rising
Kisses the dewdrops away.

For sweet is the early morning
As the flowers, one by one,
Reflect in waves of purity
The caresses of the sun.

Hush! their voices are calling—
Their breath is scenting the air—
God's love is in and around them,
And this is their morning prayer.

June 15, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

THE PRIDE OF THE ROSE

I watched the gentle butterflies
Kiss Pansies one by one,
While the proud Killarney Roses
Stood pouting in the sun.

There be thorns on all the Roses;
But those the Irish grow,
Are a test for any lover
Who would their sweetness know;

And, when you visit Ireland
With hopes and fancy free,
You'll find that her maids so guileless
Have pointed tongues for thee.

Lake George, Sept. 7, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

EARLY AUTUMN

Blackberry bushes are glowing,
Sumacs flame afar,
We watch the autumn coming
In her bright, magic car.

All yellow are the birches,
The maples here and there
Are blazing in the forest
To make the greens more fair.

The grasses on the hillsides
Are all a brownish gray,
Bowing round the goldenrod—
The autumn's Queen of May.

And, in the hazy distance
As far as eye can see,
We go a-dreaming, dreaming
Of life that is to be.

DAY DREAMS

WEST ROCK

West Rock brooding o'er a city—
 Growing to your very door—
Where once lived a race of warriors
 Well beloved in days of yore?

Shall we pass as they have vanished?
 Leaving scarce a trace behind
Of the worshipers of Mammon—
 For a nobler race to find?

Wake! and see how we are drifting
 On the shoals of lust and pride;
Blinded by a golden shower
 Hemming us on every side.

Speak! oh, Rock! in solemn grandeur
 Brush our sordid aims away!
Teach us how to build a nation
 That shall live for aye and aye!

June 28, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

THE WOODS IN WINTER

Peace is in the woodlands,
Love is in the air,
From the naked branches
Steals the gentle prayer

Of a spirit calling
To the souls of men—
Come! when ye are weary
Come and rest again.

New Haven, Feby. 21, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

DEPARTING DAY

With the gray of evening,
As night is gathering in,
We feel a note of sadness
Touch day's departing hymn;

And as we pause to listen
To the dictates of the heart,
Old sorrows gather round us
And tears unbidden start!

New Haven, Dec. 8, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

THE FAIRIES' GOODNIGHT

Mother, while we nestle round you
As the sun is sinking low,
Tell again the magic story—
Make the fairies come and go,

Till they dance and circle round us
In the mystic evening glow,
While the lily bells are ringing
Golden music from their snow;

As their Queen, on rose-leaf sitting,
Drawn by butterflies a score,
With a diadem of glowworms,
Fireflies flitting on before,

Comes to greet her loyal subjects
In the fairies' secret glen—
Now our eyes are closing, Mother,
As she waves her wand again!

New Haven, Jany. 4, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

WATCHING FOR SANTA

Wondering, waiting, watching there,
O'er the snow and up in the air,
Where sleepless stars with eyes so bright
Keep watch and ward on Xmas Night!

"Hark! How the clock ticks loud and clear!
Closer, come closer, brother dear;
I see a light beyond the hill—
'Tis nearer, nearer, hold me still!

"I hear the music of the bells—
I see a dancing troop of elves—
Look! Look! The reindeer pass the door
While Santa climbs the chimney o'er!

"Brother, Brother, let's away!
For this is surely Xmas Day,
With Santa waiting over-head
Till we are all asleep in bed!"

New Haven, Dec. 20, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Behold! An angel smiling
Above each Christmas tree;
Her gifts are for the loving
And they alone may see,

Of all the many blessings
God has bestowed on men,
The crowning one is loving—
For here He speaks again.

And ye, who come on Christmas
In meekness and in love,
Are standing on the threshold
Within the light above!

New Haven, Dec. 22, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

Zero—with birds a-singing—
The world a burst of light—
Deep in our hearts the music
Of Christmas Day and Night!

Oh! let us all remember
Who smiled upon that day,
And follow with our crosses,
Where He has led the way;

For, though the path be narrow,
With thorns on every side,
A gentle Voice is calling:
“Thou shalt with Me abide!”

New Haven, Dec. 26, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

THE NEW YEAR

“Ye Crane Calendar” is swinging
On the desk above my head,
As I watch the new year stealing
Through the portals of the dead.

Sweetly swells ye olden music—
Singing in far groves of love—
As it did when all was summer,
Summer with the nesting dove;

And I call ye old days round me
That the future may be bright
With the memories of springtime
To illumine the shades of night.

New Haven, Jany. 1, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

GOD'S LOVE

All the pleasures we are finding,
Stolen from the sands of time;
All the music we are grinding
Into mystic notes of rhyme,

Are an echo of the spirit—
Of the mighty soul divine—
God is near us when we hear it
Calling to us "Ye are mine!"

Softly, sweetly, it is falling
In the healing notes of love;
Calling, calling, ever calling,
Bidding us to look above!

New Haven, Nov. 9, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

LET THERE BE LIGHT

The Parson babbles of Rubrics;
We gaze at sea and the sky;
The Bishop drones from the Pulpit;
We look at the flowers and sigh.

Unheeded, their ancient dogmas
Sweep on to oblivion's sea,
Leaving earth brighter and purer,
With God nearer to you and me.

Mamaroneck, July 4, 1913.
As the Rector calls.

DAY DREAMS

THE SPIRIT CALLING

Soft rolling clouds come floating
And drifting o'er the blue,
In shaded white and purple
Of every dainty hue;

With fleecy domes and castles,
Bright halls where fairies play,
And with the wind-god gambol
Along the golden way.

Whence come these strange, wild longings
To rise and with them fly
Forever and forever
The trackless blue on high?

It is the Spirit calling
The soul of man's unrest
Ever and ever upward
To regions of the blessed!

Mamaroneck, July 4, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

ETERNITY

We pass—but is all forgotten?
I cannot read it so;
For in my heart are the echoes
Of ages closed long ago.

Slumbering shadows from dreamland,
Patiently lurking there,
That oft in the twilight hour
Cluster around my chair.

While strains of rhythmical music
Float from the groves of love
Whispering, "We are remembered,"
There in the land above.

New Haven, July 14, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

TEARS

Looking through the rain drops—
Gazing through the mist—
While our thoughts are drifting
Wheresoe're they list;

Hearing plaintive voices
In the falling rain,
As our hearts re-echo
Sorrow's sad refrain;

Seeing flowers growing
O'er those we loved so well—
Waiting time to lead us—
To where our dear ones dwell!

New Haven, Dec. 19, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

SNAPDRAGONS

Bright dreamers gently nodding
In waves of golden spray,
Loved children of the sun-god,
Who lights our pathless way.

How sweet, when we are weary,
To find thee blooming there
On some old barren hillside,
When life is full of care;

And feel our troubles fading
In golden dreams of love,
As in our hearts you echo
A message from above!

New Haven, August 10, 1913.

DAY DREAMS

THE SOUL OF THE FLOWERS

Just a spray of goldenrod
With asters bending near,
And yet we hear the echo
Of all the world holds dear.

We can feel the love of the flowers,
The fragrance of their spell,
But they breathe a holier message
Our hearts may never tell.

New Haven, Sept. 28, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

IF CHRISTE IS COMING

If Christe should come—and Christe may
come

And stand with us today—
The same thieves are in the temple
That He drove far away.

The same Golden Calf is shining
In every human heart,
And the Pharisees extolling
The “better than thou art.”

And, if Christe be really coming,
Ye Christians of today
Will be found in outer darkness
As lost ones gone astray!

New Haven, Nov. 8, 1914.

DAY DREAMS

FINDING REST

I sit among the lilies,
 With friends on every hand,
The purest and the sweetest
 Outside of fairyland;

And, as I hear them whisper
 While smiling up at me,
I feel a holy presence,
 And sink on bended knee;

And ye, whose hearts are weary
 With life's depressing cares,
Go! Ye! among the flowers
 And rest your soul in theirs!

Mamaroneck, Monday, July 5, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

EASTER

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

Low, sweet music in the air—
We can feel our sins forgiven
As our hearts go up in prayer!

While the angels gather round Him,
Songs of praise and songs of love
Echo and re-echo round us,
As we kneel and look above.

Hope and love and praise ascending
Make the cross a living thing;
We have but our hearts to offer
As we pray and as we sing!

Christ will help us if we ask Him—
He, Who died that we may live,
Only asks that we should trust Him,
Cling around His cross and live.

Let us then, in hope abounding,
Meekly follow in His way;
He will lead us! He will save us!
If we truly work and pray!

Easter, April 4, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

GOING HOME

I am tired, oh, so tired!
Let the flowers touch my brow;
I am weary, oh, so weary!
Yet I hear the angels now.

Play, oh, play some low, sweet music,
Let it softly float about!
I am drifting with the current
And the tide will soon be out.

I don't ask you to forget me
Waiting on the distant shore;
When you follow, oh, so weary,
I shall meet you at the door!

Let my hands be meekly folded,
Let the sun upon my brow
Linger till the darkness gathers—
Good-night! I am going now!

In Memoriam. June 29, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

In Memoriam. To the Countess Ostrorog
(née Eloise Eastwood Wallace).

AT REST

As you gather softly round her
With a love unknown till now,
Feel the hush as waiting angels
Place the crown upon her brow.

Weep not! she was called before thee;
That her earthly task is done;
That the gentle Saviour to Him
Has called Home a faithful one.

But remember she still loves thee
Better now than e'er before,
And her spirit watches o'er thee
From that sweet and Holy Shore.

DAY DREAMS

THE SONG OF THE SEA

On the beach the waves are singing
The music of the sea,
And my heart is dreaming, dreaming,
Full of their mystery;

Till dimly I hear the echoes
Of all that was and is,
In their grand eternal rhythm,
Whispering "Ye are His!"

While softly the curtain rises—
And I can see afar
The land where souls are united
Beyond the farthest star!

July 13, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

FADING WITH THE FLOWERS

Mother! I see the angels
 Launching the fleecy clouds;
See! There! beyond the mountains—
 They come in snow-white crowds.

Mother! I hear the angels
 Passing overhead,
And I can see the lilies
 Growing round my bed.

Don't cry so, Mother darling!
 I won't be long away!
Kiss me, for God is calling—
 And teach me how to pray!

Observatory, September 19, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

LOOKING BACKWARD

Would that in looking backward
O'er the rugged path of life,
We could have risen higher
In its petty, selfish strife!

Would that the thought of others
Had lingered by our side,
When life was full of roses—
Before our best dreams died.

I see a country churchyard,
And there among the dead—
The duties long neglected—
The kind words left unsaid!

September 19, 1915.

DAY DREAMS

LOVE

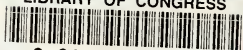
I saw a dainty bluebell
Cling to a flinty rock,
Holding a bud above her
The color of her frock;

Rocking the little darling
In every wind that blows
With sweet and gentle patience
A mother only knows.

And something whispered to me
That, by a law divine,
No heart so hard and barren
But love will round it twine.

Echo Bay, September 23, 1915.

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